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## THE ETCHING CLUB'S EXHIBITION.

THE New York Etching Club is an important factor in our Academy exhibitions. Springing into the art-world fully equipped—like another Pallas from the head of Jove—it asserts itself with a vengeance. Its absence from the Salmagundi black-and-white symposium left a depressing void, making the etching exhibition a failure, and its presence, in force, at the Academy now makes a rival water-color exhibition a possibility; for it is pretty certain that but for the unusually large amount of room occupied by the club, there would not have been more than half the number of rejections by the Water Color Society.

The belief of the Etching Club that it could fill to advantage the two large rooms reserved for its display has been fully justified by the result. An inconsiderable space is occupied by the works of foreign contributors and old masters. Excepting these, the cream of the exhibition is undoubtedly contributed by members of the club, the Philadelphia members carrying off the first honors. Mr. Stephen Parrish alone sends fourteen etchings, and these show a remarkable average in originality of conception, variety of subject, and technical excellence. "Low tide" presents a very elaborately worked sky, perhaps a little too dark for the picture, but interesting and effective. Another characteristic sky is found in his "Evening on the Shroon." The "St. John" is very pleasant. The "Upper Hudson," with its strong light, would be better if the hills in the background had not the same intensity in color all over, and in the "Carleton" it is obvious that the shadows of the children and the geese should be darker or those of the houses lighter. Other Philadelphians strongly represented are Messrs. Joseph Pennell, Peter Moran, and Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran. Mr. Pennell has chosen such local subjects as "Coal Wharf on the Schuylkill," "Momie Sauerkraut's Row" and "Chestnut Street Bridge." Mr. Moran sends twelve etchings. His New Mexican subjects are particularly interesting. The San Guadalupe church is effective, but in the foreground there is a muleteer unmistakably Japanese. The work of Mrs. Moran is charming, especially in her skies. She can use the point so effectively that we could wish she would abandon the roulette altogether. Her "Twilight," "Sandhills" and "Flower-boat" show strong work. "The Cliff Dwellers," in which she has only used the point, does more; it is a very clever plate, and the biting is excellent.

Mr. Thomas Moran's large reproduction of Turner's "Conway Castle," in one sense is the most important etching in the exhibition. From a careful study of the original oil painting and the inspection of some of the early states we can testify to the care and skill of the etcher, which is the more remarkable as it is only of very late years that he has given attention to this difficult art. The values in the painting are reproduced with the nicest discrimination.

Among the thirteen etchings by Mr. Henry Farrer, the accomplished president of the club, there is much excellent work, which, however, is somewhat discounted by lack of variety in style and subject. "The Tow," a reproduction of his water-color, shows the true strength of the needle, but it was hardly worth while to have used the thread to produce the smoke. In "Sunset off Shore," the boat with its sails stands out effectively against the light of a well treated sky. The wooden roof of the building in the foreground in "On the Shore, Gowanus," seems much too light, as do the roofs of the buildings of "Brigantine on the Ways."

Fifteen etchings are contributed by Mr. Platt, some of which are very good; others are only good. This gentleman seems to have a prejudice against the sky, for he never puts any in his work. Sometimes by the use of the rag, however, he contrives a sort of makeshift. His "Twilight" is certainly very effective.

"The Ford," by Mr. Charles Volkmar, is an attractive study of a stream, with huge stepping-stones, and a narrow road ascending a hill in the background, with trees of various kinds well distinguished. The light foliage of a young birch is given a charmingly transparent effect. The sky is very skilfully treated, and Mr. Volkmar has not forgotten his favorite ducks, which, in this case, are disporting on the other side of the stream. There is some strong work among the contributions of Samuel Colman, Jerome Ferris, S. G. McCutcheon, George H. and James D. Smillie.

Mr. A. F. Bellows' elaborate "Riverside Inn" is

one of his best efforts. We cannot praise his figure drawing. Indeed the exhibition generally is weak in this regard. What muddy boys are those of Mr. Hopkins and what a wonderful girl is that of Mr. Heinigke's! Mr. Ehninger's soldiers are merely pen and ink sketches and not of the best. Mr. F. S. Church's half dozen plates are certainly the most interesting of the figure subjects, although their merit is rather in their honest directness and clever conceits than in any special technical excellence, for which indeed his subjects afford little scope.

A great effort has been made by Mr. W. E. Marshall in his very large portrait of Longfellow with marginal illustrations of scenes from the works of the poet, but it is not an artistic triumph. Mr. Thomas Hicks' "At the Fireside" has no air, and all textures are given the same value. Miss Mary Franklin bids fair to do good work with the needle. A new hand, from whom one may reasonably expect ere long something worth having, is Mr. William McKay Laffan, whose four modest little plates indicate the genuine artist etcher both in their spirited execution and choice of subjects.

Mr. Thomas W. Wood sends a portrait which would seem good enough if it were not for the foreign works of the kind in the next room. Our American etchers cannot do better than study the examples there, both of the living and the dead. They will know which are the dead ones, for the catalogue committee has considerably put the word "deceased" after the names of Rembrandt, Vandyke, and others. Of the living we invite their admiration for the free and bold needle of Seymour Hayden, the fine point of Whistler, and the richness, the power, and the life of Rajon and Herkomer.

We must not forget to mention the admirable catalogue of the exhibition which, with its eight charming little etchings by Church, Dielman, Falconer, Farrer, M. Nimmo Moran, Peter Moran, Parrish, and Van Elton, reflects great credit on the club and especially on these particular members of it.

## REJECTED BUT NOT DEJECTED.

THE rejection of some thousand or more pictures by the American Water Color Society has led to the organization of the disaffected, and before the present article will be in print, there will be a rival exhibition open to the public at the American Art Gallery. This was the only course to follow under the circumstances. There has been much bitter discussion in the newspapers as to the action of the hanging committee, and the only way for the public to decide the merits of the question was for themselves to pass upon the rejected pictures. This they now have the opportunity of doing.

We have seen but a portion of the outcasts, and not under very favorable conditions. But we do not hesitate to say that, in our judgment, these alone would be enough to justify the complaints against the action of the hanging committee. By what process of reasoning such a charming work as Hamilton Hamilton's "Waiting for the Cue" was excluded from the exhibition, we really are at a loss to understand. Excepting perhaps Mr. Abbey's "Autumn," there is not in point of technique any single figure in the Academy to compare with it. It represents a young lady "at the wings" waiting to "go on." A variety of textures are introduced—from the heavy tapestry of the background to the silken tissue of part of the lady's costume—and these are rendered with exceptional skill. "Old-Fashioned Flowers," another large figure piece by the same artist—a young lady in a garden—is inferior to this, but still is better than a dozen accepted works of the same character. Mr. Hughson Hawley, who for the past two years contributed very acceptably to the Water Color Society's exhibitions, sent six large drawings this year, and all were rejected. In comparing them with the average works at the Academy, the injustice of this must be obvious. Mr. Hawley set himself the creditable task of rescuing from oblivion many picturesque bits of old New York fast disappearing before the remorseless scythe of "modern improvements." He has done this conscientiously and certainly not without power. It might be urged with truth that the subjects are treated somewhat too prosaically, and in the more artistic accessories, the skies to wit, there is, something wanting in point of technical skill. But it is not to be supposed that contributions to the society's exhibition or any other exhibition must be above criti-

cism. Certainly there are none in the collection at the Academy that could pass unchallenged.

W. Hamilton Gibson is always a popular exhibitor at the Water Color, and finding him excluded this year we sought out some of his work to find the cause, if possible. One of his drawings, "The Haunt of the Heron," is in a bronzed frame, which he must have known was against the rules; but "Faded Fields," another—a charming study from nature—had no such bar. Either might be hung without discredit in any popular water color exhibition in the world. Among the gems of the rejected we find two, of the old-fashioned English school, by Henry P. Revière, "Sleep, my Darling," a pretty rustic interior, showing a young mother leaning over a cradle, and a bright little view from the river of "St. Peters" and the Castle of St. Angelo." M. De Forest Bolmer has a clever bit, certainly direct from nature, of waste land, under a gray sky; W. C. Bauer, Geo. Gibson, Geo. Hitchcock, E. K. Rossiter, C. Graham, McIlhenny and Geo McCord contribute landscapes of various degrees of merit; Emma E. Lampert has some well-painted flowers and Nelson Bickford a female head, somewhat hard in manipulation, but with good work in it. G. W. Breneman has an interior—a study, with a figure—which, while by no means free from faults, shows decided talent; the color is rich and even luscious and is washed in with a free hand. Mr. Blum has some clever bits full of chic; Th. Robinson some capital figures, and F. M. Gregory and Mr. Seymour both landscapes and figure pieces.

So much we have seen for ourselves—enough to warrant us in congratulating these gentlemen on their pluck in getting up the exhibition. If the members of the Water Color Society whose pictures were refused had had the courage to join the other malcontents, the showing at the American Art Gallery would have been much stronger. The effect of the dispute we think is bound to be beneficial to all concerned. It will certainly teach the reception and hanging committees to be more careful in future how they exercise their powers. This appeal to the public we cannot doubt will, in effect at least, reverse the judgment of the society, and the society cannot afford to have this done more than once. There is some talk about the rival exhibitors effecting a permanent organization. We hope sincerely that this will not be done. Let the fight end here. Next year the society's committees will probably be constituted differently, and we trust then all will be harmonious once more.

## ETCHINGS IN "L'ART."

WE have received from Mr. J. W. Bouton the last quarterly part of "L'Art," completing the seventh year of that valuable periodical. It contains twelve etchings. Gustave Creux's rendering of Millet's "Rentrée du Troupeau," although somewhat harsh in outline, cleverly reflects the spirit of the master. The movement of the figures is excellent, the deliberate pace of the tired shepherd as he trudges homeward at the head of his flock being admirably suggested. "Koubba de Sidi-Bonissack," a view of a desolate ruin in the East—one of the strongest plates in the volume, if one of the least interesting—is by that clever artist, Mlle. Gabrielle Niel, who wields the etcher's needle as freely as if it were the more characteristically feminine implement of that name. The "Portrait de Monseigneur de Ségur," by E. Burney, from the painting of C. F. Gailard, with its elaborate stippling is an engraving rather than an etching, and, except that ruling in this plate is employed even more freely than stippling is in the other, the same remark may apply perfectly to Mlle. Contour's very spirited rendering of Carolus Duran's "Curé Espagnol"—a study of a head, full of character. C. de Billy gives us G. Ferrier's pretty picture "Printemps," showing a party of merry girls trooping out of the woods, laden with flowers, which they are saucily exhibiting to an old man resting by the wayside. Young Lucien Gautier contributes two of his picturesque Parisian views, "Le Quai Jemmapes," and "La Place Maubert," in which more than ever his technical excellence is conspicuous. Without any sacrifice of freedom, his work shows the greatest delicacy in execution and the wisest discrimination in values. M. Gaucherel also has an admirable plate of old Paris—"La Rue des Prêtres Saint Germain L'Auxerrois," showing the office of the "Journal des Débats." These picturesque bits of the French capital must soon be of the past and it is well to have such valuable souvenirs



of them. The advantage of collecting an interesting series of plates such as these of Gaucherel and Gautier, perhaps may have suggested itself to the reader. A remarkable old fireplace at Morlaix, drawn by Guerdon, furnishes the subject of a vigorous etching by Drouot; Popelin's ghastly "L'Argiphonte" is etched by Le Rat; Ramus has a rather careless rendering of Rubens' "Miracles de Saint-Benoît" and Louis Lucas a very careful one of Alonzo Coello's portrait in the Prado of the infanta, Isabella, daughter of Philip II.

## My Note Book.



It is the fashion now for any pica-yune tradesman who fails to sell his goods in a legitimate manner to use the word "art" as a bait to catch the public. But hitherto nothing quite so impudent has been attempted as the announcement of a crockery dealer in the Cooper Union building, that he would sell at auction a picture of "Susannah and the Elders," by Tintoretto. The printed notice says that this painting "was part of the Orleans collection, from which it passed—1799—into the possession of M. Angerstein, from whose heir it was purchased by the French nation, A.D. 1824, and placed in the gallery of Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, King of France; cut from frame and carried off on the king's flight from Paris—1848." It is only necessary to say that among the twelve paintings by Tintoretto in the Orleans collection there was no such picture as "Susannah and the Elders."

THERE is a good deal of vandalism in the White House, I fear. The Washington correspondent of The Cincinnati Times tells how a finely carved mahogany table, the work of Mr. Fry and his assistants, was ruthlessly shorn of some of its handsome legs which were supposed to be in the way, and finally discarded altogether, being set back against the wall to be used "with a handsome glass case on the top of it" as "a sort of china closet."

MR. JARVES, writing to the New York Times from Florence, lately, gave an interesting account of the salon studio, in the Carnigiani Palace, of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the eminent English artist, who has long made Italy her home. This accomplished lady comes of a family of artists. Her father, Mr. Heaphy, president of the Society of British Artists and Painter Extraordinary to George IV., was a water-colorist of high reputation. He was paid £4000 for his chief picture, "The Duke of Wellington Giving his Orders Before a Battle," which was engraved by Colnaghi. Her eldest brother, the late Thomas Heaphy, was a distinguished portrait painter. Mrs. Murray's husband was long connected with the British diplomatic service in this country. He will not soon be forgotten by the Maine liquor prohibitionists, by the way, for in the press and on the platform he fought certain fallacious principles of their creed with remarkable ability and energy.

THE performance of the Greek tragedy, "Edipus," at Booth's Theatre, turned out to be a curiosity and nothing more. It narrowly escaped being a burlesque. If it was supposed to give a correct idea of the representation of a play in the days of Sophocles, it was woefully misleading. To say nothing of one person speaking Greek and the rest English, what could have been more absurd than half the chorus clad in stage classical attire and the rest in the modern conventional evening dress? The leader of the chorus, from his place in the orchestra, conversed with the king, in Yankee dialect, after the fashion of the man in the London "Punch and Judy" show, upbraiding him as that gentleman does Mr. Punch for the murder of his wife. The Punch and Judy show, by the way, is at least as old as Sophocles, and probably is the only true and legitimate Greek play now produced. There is some anachronism in the costumes of this London version no doubt; but since the manager of Booth's Theatre undertook the costuming in "Edipus" as an improve-

ment on Mr. Frank D. Millet's really classical rendering at Harvard, the Punch and Judy dresses do not seem to be so very far out of the way.

THE Washington Art Club's recent reception to W. W. Corcoran was a handsome and deserved tribute to one whose services to art in this country are abundantly entitled to recognition. The Corcoran Gallery is essentially a national institution, and the intelligent liberality of its public-spirited founder has gone far to compensate us for the ignorance and indifference of the government in matters pertaining to art.

PRIZE competitions for designs for backs of playing cards are in order in New York. Such have already been held in London. The latest novelty in art competitions on this side of the Atlantic is the offer of \$275 in cash, in twelve prizes, for the best twelve pencil drawings made with Dixon's American Graphite Pencils. The competition is open to the pupils of the public and private schools of the United States for eleven of the prizes, and to the art students of the United States for one prize of \$50. This is a praiseworthy scheme, but why are the Canadians excluded?

A WOULD-BE wag advertised in the name of Mr. G. H. Barrable, a London artist, for two hundred pretty girls, presumably to act as models, and they called in such numbers at the studio in Piccadilly that the tenant was requested by his landlord to leave.

It seems to be no unusual thing for an English connoisseur to start a fashion for collecting one class of bric-à-brac or another through the aid of the unwitting press, and promptly benefit pecuniarily by the "boom" he has himself created. Certain "old masters," and new ones too, have lately also received high posthumous honors through similar means. It is not pleasant to note that furtive attempts are being made to introduce the same thing in this country through the medium of some of the New York journals.

ENGLISH artists who paint pictures to attract the indiscriminating call them "cad-catchers," which makes a good companion for the term "pot boilers." There is no more expressive slang than that of the studio. The Tile Club men used to call anything "tiley" which was particularly good, and that has now got to be quite a common expression among artists.

THACKERAY had a great love for painting. He would rather have won success as an artist than as a writer. But he never did anything better with the pencil than the published illustrations of his own writings. The following passage from "The Newcomes," however, giving a glimpse of an artist at work, shows how lovingly the great novelist could write on the subject so dear to him:

"The palette on his arm was a great shield, painted of many colors; he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with him, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests wherein none are wounded save the envious; with that he shelters himself against how much idleness, ambition, temptation. Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him, selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth, and truth is religion, and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty. What are the world's struggles, brawls, successes, to that calm recluse pursuing his calling? See, twinkling in the darkness round his chamber, numberless beautiful trophies of the graceful victories he has won—sweet flowers of fancy reared by him, and shapes of beauty which he has moulded."

WHILE New York and Brooklyn are hungering for free district public libraries it is gratifying to be reminded that there are men in these cities who have the means and the will to help an enterprise of this kind. Mr. George J. Seney seems to be such a man. His attention recently being called by Mr. Bouton to the fact that he had for sale at \$2500 two remarkably fine copies of two quite rare books, viz.: Baron Taylor's great work on the "Architecture and Antiquities of France," in twenty-seven imperial folio volumes, and the famous "Cabinet du Roi," a collection of nearly two thousand engravings by the greatest engravers, in forty-seven folio volumes, he at once drew his cheque for the amount and presented the books to the Long

Island Historical Society. Both copies, by the way, were once owned by King Louis Philippe and presented to Standish Standish, an Englishman who had done much for art in France. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is sadly in need of an art library. It seems strange that our rich men of New York should be indifferent to the fact, when they could so easily do for it as much at least as Mr. Seney does for his city of Brooklyn. He does indeed a great deal more than this. A hundred thousand dollars, I am told, is rather below than above the amount of his benefactions to the public libraries there and kindred institutions.

THE death of Charles Blanc, the French art critic, leaves a void which it will be hard indeed for France to supply. He was a Ruskin without the eccentric Englishman's foibles. He was an engraver, an etcher, a painter, and a journalist. With his superior technical knowledge, acute critical faculty, and literary ability he possessed such qualifications for his great work, his "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," as are rarely found in one man.

AN English manufacturer thinks he has made an improvement by producing fireside bellows without "the usual unsightly hole in the centre," as he insultingly calls the good old-fashioned mouth. "This is to be dispensed with," the air being admitted in the sides through ornamental gratings. Coal boxes too, are now something to be ashamed of. They are known as "coal vases" among the cockney dealers. The Ironmonger, the organ of the trade, announces with triumph that the japanners of Wolverhampton and Birmingham are producing stamped and japanned "iron vases, which are so excellent an imitation that they have to be tapped by even the most experienced before it can be pronounced that they are not wood." This is the sort of thing which passes now for art in England, after all that Eastlake and Morris and Dresser have done to expose such shams and make them odious.

"OUR CONTINENT," Judge Tourgee's new Philadelphia illustrated weekly journal, is strong in names but needs an editor. The page is the size of that of Harper's Weekly, without the excuse of needing it so large for the purposes of illustration; it is scanty as to margin and mean-looking typographically by being cut into four narrow columns. The design of the cover is hideous, notwithstanding the editorial puff it receives as "drawn by Louis C. Tiffany from motives found in the Aztec picture writing." "It is composed," we are told, "in the true spirit of aboriginal American art," and one can well believe it. But it is exasperating that this wretched performance should be given with the authority of the "Associated Artists of New York." Surely Mr. Tiffany's typographical aberrations can reflect no credit on the firm. The promise is made to explain the meaning of the design after "readers of antiquarian tastes have had the chance to solve the problem for themselves." The full absurdity of the announcement lies in the fact that there is nothing in the "design" worth explaining. There is, indeed, no design at all. A blotchy Aztec disk serves for the initial "O," and the rest of the title is an imitation of a child's attempt to copy Roman letters; and this is all there is of the cover.

FOR the title on the inside there is a blotchy initial "O" with a rudely drawn ship in it, and more childish lettering. To print all this solid black has taken so much ink that it has ruined the appearance of two really fine woodcuts on the same page, as it is bound every time to ruin any fine woodcut that may be used in the same "form" with it. The home decoration department, most infelicitously named "From Lobby to Peak," is conducted by Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell. The latter says in his opening article, "whatever appears on this page in the way of illustration is of things real and of things put to real service." If there is any possible service in heaven or on earth to which the eccentric objects represented here can be applied, I would like to know what it is. Perhaps it will be explained in a future number in the puzzle department, together with the meaning of the "aboriginal American art" production on the cover.

MONTEZUMA.